

HER NAME.

How the Kind Old Gentleman Who Lived Next Door Learned It.

The gentleman of the house of the new neighbor was a charming person, in the opinion of pretty Miss Katherine Medley, who lived next door and saw him going out in the morning and coming home in the evening.

He was elderly—that is, his hair and whiskers were white and he was such a fatherly old gentleman that she couldn't help but love him, even if he had lived next door for only two months of that lovely June, when Harold Ashbrook had become so much to her.

Positively she loved the old gentleman because as he passed the house and saw Harold and her talking on the piazza he always smiled a cute little smile to himself, as if he knew the whole story and understood every word of it.

But, of course, he did not, for she didn't even know him, as he had never presumed on his proximity as a neighbor to speak to her.

One morning she stood on the piazza steps humming a merry tune, for Harold had told her many things the evening before, as they sat in the shadows of the vines, and she was very glad, the old gentleman came out of his house.

He was very radiant over something, too, and there was that in his face which almost tempted her to speak to him, and tell him her joy.

She thought she heard him whistle as he stepped onto the street, and she grew bold enough to come down to her own gate to get a good look at him.

She stood there unconscious, as people always are who want to see people without having people think they are being gazed at, and she watched him furtively, though she was looking straight across the street.

When he reached her she stopped. Then she looked around really startled, for this seemed almost a flirtation, and only last night Harold had told her so much.

He took off his hat, bowing gracefully, and spoke with a smile that made her smile in spite of herself.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "is this Miss Medley?"

"No," she said, "I am—"

"Miss Loring?" he interrupted politely.

"No, I—"

"Miss Love?" he interrupted again.

Now she began to grow angry, and her face reddened. Yet she could not comprehend his actions.

"I am Miss Medley," she said, haughtily.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, with that same funny little smile she had often noted: "but I thought differently. As I came home last night I heard the young man talking to you on the porch, and he called you Katie Dear, and Katie Darling, and Katie Love to such an extent that I really wanted to know your name, and—"

But he did not finish the sentence. She had fled into the house, and it was a week or more before she recovered.

A Moving Mountain.

A traveling mountain is found at the Cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple-peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length where it fronts the river, and rises to the height of almost 1,000 feet above the water. That it is in motion is the last thought that would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of any one passing it, yet it is a well-established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down to the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades to the Dalles. In its forward and downward movement the forest along the base of the ridge has become submerged in the river. Large tree stumps can be seen standing dead in the water on this shore.

The railway engineers and brakemen find that the line of the railway which skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the permanent way and rails have been pushed eight or ten feet out of line in a few years. Geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the basalt, which constitutes the bulk of the mountain, rests on a substratum of conglomerate or of soft sandstone, which the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly wearing away, or that this softer subsoil is of itself yielding at great depths to the enormous weight of the harder mineral above.

A Born Genius.

A noticeable fact in the case of Dr. Holmes was that his genius ripened early. Some of his best poetry, including his most celebrated piece, "The Last Leaf," was written when a very young man. The germ of the Autocrat papers appeared several years before they were seriously entered upon for the public. His first little volume of poems was published and widely read and admired before he seems to have anticipated a literary career, and while he was closely engaged in his profession as a physician. He was ready to respond to public calls, and as brilliant as any time in his achievement, when he had not reached the stage of regarding himself as more than an amateur in literature. The more sustained literary work of his life began with the publication of the Atlantic Monthly. The public then for the first time fully recognized his versatility, and the call for his writings was such that he had no choice but to furnish them. We doubt if any writer who has lived more steadily and satisfactorily through so long a period. Certainly no American was ever so often called upon to provide literature for special occasions, and in the more than half century in which he thus contributed, the instance is not known of his disappointing in the slightest degree, public expectations.—Boston Herald.

Roads.

Let any farmer haul a load on a rough and muddy road, and then estimate the cost for his time, team, and wear of his vehicle during the period he is engaged at such work, comparing the result with the small additional tax he would have to pay for a better road, and the probability is that he will favor an increased tax and better roads.

THE DEARMAN MYSTERY.

A Story of Mistaken Identity Involving the Dead and the Living.

"I have heard of a great many cases of mistaken identity," said an enterprising lawyer, "but never of one quite as remarkable as that of John Dearman of Old Hurley, in my county. Ten years ago John Dearman married Katherine Crispell, a well-to-do farmer's daughter. Soon afterward he took to drink, and in time abused his wife shamefully. Five years ago she determined to have him arrested for ill-treating her, but he disappeared before she carried out her intention.

"Mrs. Dearman heard nothing of her husband for many years, but a year or so later she read in a newspaper an account of the discovery of the body of a man in the Hudson river, near Newburgh. The description of the drowned man was so much like that of her missing husband that she went to Newburg to see if the body was his. She showed to the coroner, the physicians who had held the post-mortem, and to others who had seen the body a photograph of her husband, and every one at once pronounced it that of the dead man.

"Mrs. Dearman had the body disinterred in order that she might herself see the face and make sure that it was her husband. She recognized the body at once, and the further fact that the dead man had two front teeth missing, just as her husband had, made the identification more positive. She removed the body to her home and had it reinterred.

"A year or so ago Mrs. Dearman married John Brantner and removed with him to Albany, where they now live, prosperous and happy. One day last week, to the amazement of everybody who had known him, John Dearman, long supposed dead and buried, returned to Old Hurley. There could be no mistake as to his identity, for many circumstances proved that he was the true John Dearman. The story of his supposed drowning was told to him, and the grave where it was believed he had been lying these four years was shown to him. He also learned that his wife had remarried and had moved away and he said:

"It's all right. I deserve it."

"Then he walked away and hasn't been seen since. But who was the man who was drowned, identified, and buried as John Dearman?"—New York Sun.

Strange Story.

One of the most peculiar stories of the loss of a vessel that have been received in this city for many months was brought in advices via the steamer Oceanic from Singapore via Hong-Kong, says an exchange. The Namong, a 1,512-ton steamer, is said to have gone down, with all hands, sixteen white men and fifty Malays, on board, in the Carimata Straits while on a passage from Soura Bay to Singapore. On the evening of Aug. 7, the British steamer Ingraham noticed signals of distress in the direction of reduta Island, and bore down upon them. The Ingraham lay too near the island during the night, and at daybreak the next morning the Namong was discovered with her head on a coral reef. The Ingraham then approached closer to the reef and succeeded in getting sixteen of the wrecked crew off her. Then an attempt was made to tow the Namong in deep water. Several useless attempts were made, and finally she commenced to slide backward, and almost before anyone thought her floating she slipped from the ledge, striking the Ingraham near the port quarter, smashing in a number of planks of the latter. The Namong did not appear to be badly damaged by the contact with the reef, so after transferring her crew from the Ingraham the vessels separated, each proceeding on its respective voyage. The Ingraham had the Namong in sight up to 6 o'clock in the evening of the 11th, and signaled her twice. Suddenly Captain Liper, of the former vessel, saw two danger rockets discharged from his companion ship. He came about and steamed his vessel sixteen miles in the direction of the lights, but could find no trace of the Namong. She has not been heard of since.

Napoleon as an English Officer.

One incident in the life of the first Napoleon, which is vouched for by Lord Wellesley, has not yet appeared in any of the sketches of the great soldier.

While he was at school in Brienne Lord Wellesley was his schoolfellow. The little Corsican had been diligently applying himself to the study of the English language, and one day he approached his English school mate, with a paper in his hand, and said:

"Look at this."

The English boy examined the paper and found that it was a letter, written in remarkably good English and addressed to the English admiral, and that it contained a request to be permitted to enter the English navy. Napoleon looked at him intently and said:

"The difficulty in the way will, I am afraid, be my religion."

The English boy answered,—"You young rascal, I don't believe that you have any religion at all."

"But my family name," said Napoleon, "are very rigid. I should be disinherited if I should show any signs of becoming a heretic."

The letter was sent and is still in the archives of the admiralty. If Napoleon received an answer he never divulged it to his schoolfellow.

In the many fights through which the world has viewed this extraordinary man, it is hardly possible that any one ever pictured him as an officer in the English navy.

A Barber's "Record."

A novel shaving record has been established by a Hungarian barber. He made a bet of 100 florins that he would, on a railway journey of twenty-nine minutes from Pilsan to Neustadt, shave fifteen men without cutting them. The bet was more than won, for he actually shaved three more men than the stipulated number.

Some modest people try to exaggerate their own importance by exaggerating to strangers the importance of their friends.

Many crimes are committed in the name of insanity.

MISTAKEN IN ONE LETTER.

The Hotel Man Telegraphed for Cats and Got a Consignment of Cats.

Will Johnson, who is in charge of the Hotel Man during the absence of the proprietor, F. L. Johnson, who is at Atlantic City, received a dispatch from the latter which read: "Ship forty cats at once."

Mr. Johnson was puzzled. He could not imagine what his relative could want with cats at Atlantic City, so he consulted with a few of his assistants, and the only solution they could arrive at was that rats must have been discovered in the Atlantic City hotel. They unanimously decided, however, that it was their not to reason why: theirs but to get cats and ship them to Atlantic City without delay. A rush was made for all the establishments in town which deal in pet animals, but all the cats on hand were of the Maltese or Angora variety, and it was decided that they were too expensive. As a final result the genus feline was called into requisition, and before nightfall there were eighteen feline prisoners at the Johnson. There were no more in sight though, so it was decided to ship the first installment that night and make a further consignment next day. A telegram was sent to Mr. Johnson at Atlantic City, which announced:

"Shipped eighteen cats; more tomorrow."

Mr. Johnson has a reputation for wanting things in a hurry when he does want them. So his assistants at this end of the line returned well satisfied that they had acquitted themselves with great credit in a sudden emergency. Early the next morning another dispatch arrived, which informed every one concerned with a desire to speak away somewhere and begin life anew. It read:

"To Shanghai with your cats. 11's rats, cats, cats."

To complete the story it is only fair to state that Mr. Johnson writes a notoriously bad hand, and those interested here says the operator must have mistaken cats for rats.—Washington Post.

The Retired Burglar.

"I always was fond of little children," said the retired burglar, "and once I served a term on that account. I had gone into a house in the western part of the State and rummaged about downstairs, and finally got up and got into a room where there was a man and his wife and a little baby, all asleep. The baby was in a cradle that stood at the foot of the bed; not far from its cradle, standing against the wall, was the bureau. I transferred whatever there was of value in the bureau and then I turned to the baby; I couldn't help it. I turned my light on the kid to look at him, and it woke him up. He stared at me a little, and then he began to smile and double up his fists at me.

"Well, he looked so funny that seemed to tickle him immensely; he threw up his legs and his arms, and laughed more'n ever, and tried to say something; all he could say was 'Goo-o-o-o,' but that was enough. You've heard of women's tired you couldn't wake 'em up firing a cannon in the next room that would wake up in a minute if the baby turned in its cradle? Well, when this baby said 'Goo-o-o-o,' its mother not only woke up instantly but she began to get up before she was fairly awake; and all the time she saw the light long before I could do it. Then she screamed and I made a great break for the door.

"But the man got there before I did; and, besides being very quick he was very able-bodied and not the least bit afraid; in fact, he was a better man than I was, and the upshot of this business was that I got four years and six months just for stopping to chuck a little shaver under the chin."—New York Sun.

Unnecessary Self-Denial.

There are people who not only afford to be indifferent to their personal comfort, but who seem to feel a positive pleasure in making themselves uncomfortable. They deny themselves aggressively. They sit, from choice, in the coldest corner of the room; they select the driest bit of cake or bread; they decline all the small pleasures of life. Of what use is unnecessary self-denial either to one's self or others? The kindly disposed like to feel that everyone about them is comfortable and at ease. When Anne deliberately sits in a draught in order to be "out of the way," or on a Johnny's slightest crust, she is hurting those who love her more than she hurts herself, to say nothing of spoiling Johnny; for a martyr in the family makes the younger members of it thoughtful and selfish, and they quickly appropriate to themselves the comforts and privileges cast aside by their rightful possessor. It is clearly right to scorn material advantages if they cost us our peace of mind; but it is only the part of common sense to take personal comfort when it is to be had without such cost.

Origin of Postoffices.

The invention of the postoffice is ascribed to Cyrus, King of Persia, who lived about 600 B. C. Cyrus required all his governors of provinces to write to him exact accounts of everything that occurred in their several districts and armies. The Persian empire was of vast extent and some means had to be provided to render that correspondence sure and expeditious. Cyrus, therefore, caused postroads to be built and messengers appointed in every province. He found how far a good horse, and then had stables built in proportion, an equal distance from each other. At each of these places he also appointed postmasters, whose duty it was to receive the letters from the carriers as they arrived and give them to others, and to give them fresh horses in exchange for those that had performed their part of the journey.

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